

Bridges
D I D O; *K*

A

COMIC OPERA.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.



L O N D O N,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russel-street, Covent-garden.

MDCCLXXI.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken in the Character of F L O R A.

WHILST I, for want of cool refreshing showers,
Was sprinkling water over all my flowers,
In Foote's flower garden; this pert poet came,
Saluted me, and call'd me by my name:
Flora, says he, this night did I engage
To bring some goddesses upon the stage;
Give me your pan, in watering I'll bestir me,
If you'll but go, and speak a prologue for me.
I strait agreed, because the time o'th' year,
Is just the time for Flora to appear,
And I as Flora, or as any goddess,
Or e'en a country wench in leather bodice,
Am ne'er so pleas'd as when my humble mite,
Contributes to the pleasures of the night;
The motive's rather selfish you'll suppose,
And selfish I must own it is; because
No feast to me, can equal your applause;—
But to the point, the poet's prologue; sure
It is not left behind me in the bower,
O! no, 'tis here,—this tale, you all must know,
Happen'd about four thousand years ago,
When heathen priests, a pack of cunning wights,
Made gods as fast as modern kings made knights;
Then to support the wooden tribe they'd made,
They gave 'em every god a kind of trade;
But dealt 'em so that, like our modern race,
You hardly find one equal to his place.
Jove was to rule the world, and curb all strife,
Yet the poor god could never rule his wife;
Bacchus presided o'er a drunken crew,
Of guzzling laymen, and some clergy too;
Pallas they made a counsellor, and she
Advis'd with wisdom, but disclaim'd a fee,
For which our modern counsellors disclaim
All knowledge of her person or her name;
Venus presided o'er the handsome doxies,
Such as are often seen i'th' upper boxes:
But, if you'll wait with patience, you shall see
A sample of their godships presently;

From

PROLOGUE.

From their high seats our bard shall fetch 'em down,
And make 'em shew their shapes to all the town.
Criticks, take heed, and do not stare and gape,
And tumble headlong into some queer scrape;
I've smok'd our author's scheme, and I'll lay odds,
You can't damn him, unless you damn the gods.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Eneas,	Mr. Dibdin.
Achates,	Mr. Robson.
Neptune,	Mr. Phillips.
Eolus,	Mr. Hamilton.
Vulcan,	Mr. Vandermere.
Jarbas,	Mr. Cornelys.
Antheus,	Mr. Farrel.
Cupid,	Master Sewett.

W O M E N.

Dido,	Mrs. Didier.
Juno,	Miss Ambrose.
Nanny,	Mrs. Granger.
Iris,	Mrs. Collins.
Venus,	Mrs. Jewell.

DIDO.



D I D O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street; Juno descends in her chariot, then advances
to the front of the stage.*

S O N G.

JUNO.

SHALL Juno, who makes the great Jupiter, ruh,
Be check'd by an ill-looking son of a gun,
And, for want of revenge, sit sulky and grieve?
Forbid it the ghost of my grandmother Eve!

Before I'll submit to be us'd at this rate,
I'll give it my husband both early and late;
And shew all the rabble, I know how to make
The thundering god and his thunder-bolt shake.
You shan't, Mr. Jupiter, carry it off so swim-
ingly as you think; I never yet wanted a contri-

B

vance

vance at a pinch for mischief, and I hope my head won't fail me now; this looks like Blow-Bladder Lane, where my old friend Eolus the bellows-maker lives, if I don't blow some mischief either into, or out of him, I'll give up all pretensions to scheming, and turn laundress to a regiment of shirtless Frenchmen.

Enter EOLUS.

EOLUS.

Good morrow, madam Juno; this visit is a favour I did not expect: would you please to drink a dram of cinnamon water or anniseed? I hope the light infantry did not make their quarters good in your blankets last night, and disturb your repose, by sallying out for breakfast too early this morning; and yet I can think of no other reason for your ladyship's stirring so soon.

JUNO.

If your anniseed is true Holland's you may give me a thimblefull to take the wind off my stomach. I feel rather aguish; that blustering Scotch rogue Boreas blew a plaguey sharp blast in my face all the way I came down, and I was in such haste I forgot to put on my riding-hood.

EOLUS.

Has your ladyship any commands in my way?

JUNO.

Yes, good Eolus, I want you to do a little job of mischief for me, whilst my good man is asleep; for tho' he makes nothing of playing the devil with all the world, when a wench is in the wind, yet he won't let me demolish two or three hundred thousand ragged scoundrels,

scoundrels, without making more noise than the pleasure on't is worth, but will tamely see his harmless wife affronted.

EOLUS.

Was you affronted, madam Juno?

JUNO.

Affronted! aye, and most audaciously, most impudently and most abominably: did not that insolent Trojan scrub, that Paris tell me to my face that I was not so handsome as that blacksmith's wife, Mrs. Venus, and gave her the golden apple, tho' she did not want it? for, besides the money her cuckold earns by making thunder-bolts and cheese-toasters, and pot-hooks and smoke-jacks, she has a trade of her own that brings her in more money in a quarter of an hour, than her limping husband gets in a quarter of a year.

EOLUS.

But you seem in a bloody passion, madam Juno.

JUNO.

Passion! I think I am very cool, considering the greatness of the affront and the trifling revenge I have had, for I never got but one peppering at the Trojans yet for it.

EOLUS.

And what kind of a peppering was it, madam Juno?

JUNO.

I only got the Grecians to burn about fifty thousand in their houses.

EOLUS.

Small revenge, indeed!

B 2

JUNO.

JUNO.

But, in spite of all my care, a bastard of this Mrs. Venus stole off with a large posse of ragamuffins at his heels.

EOLUS.

Pray what is his name, madam Juno?

JUNO.

Eneas.

EOLUS.

I have heard of him—but say no more, madam Juno, I'll blow the ragamuffins, boats and all, into the moon, if you insist upon't.

JUNO.

Not quite so high, good Eolus, blow them only to the bottom.

[Exit Juno.]

EOLUS.

Where are my four rascals; what nobody there; hollo, you North!

Enter BOREAS.

EOLUS.

What's become of East, West, and South?

BOREAS.

Gone to get a pot of hucklemybuff at the world's end.

EOLUS.

Then do you take a rope's end, and drive them all home directly; I want their help.

[Exit Boreas.]

A COMIC OPERA.

5

S O N G.

I'll spring their mast, and I'll split their sail,
 And demolish'd they shall be;
 On the rocks their old boats shall go thump, thump,
 thump,
 And scare the dogs so, they shall jump, jump, jump,
 By dozens into the sea. [Exit Eolus.

S C E N E II.

The Sea, with a rock, on which Eolus is discovered and his four journeymen, with every one a pair of bellows, a boat appears with Eneas and Achates, which they puff off, then Neptune rises out of the sea.

NEPTUNE.

What the plague can be the matter? as I was frying a few pilchards for my dinner, a villainous wave popp'd in and overset my frying-pan; sure it can't be an earthquake, and yet I don't know what to make of it, the sea as I came up boil'd like a pease-porridge kettle. [Seeing Eolus] Oh, oh! have I caught you at it? it's your worship then that has been making this confounded sputter: how durst you, you white-leather trumpet-cheek'd scoundrel, presume to kick up a dust in my element without my leave? I've a good mind, sirrah, to run my dung-fork, thro' both your guts and bellows, and ruin you at once; what have you to say for yourself?

EOLUS.

Pray, dear good Mr. Neptune, don't be in such a passion; it is not my doing, indeed.

N E P.

NEPTUNE.

Not your doing! did not I catch you in the fact?

EOLUS.

But indeed, it is not my doing, Mr. Neptune: (pox take this cross old fishmonger, I shall have all the wind let out of my store-room, if I don't mind my hits. *[Aside.]*

NEPTUNE.

Whose doing is it then?

EOLUS.

Madam Juno's.

NEPTUNE.

If I did not think so, I am a stock-fish!

EOLUS.

Yes, Mr. Neptune, she set me to work, I assure you.

NEPTUNE.

I believe the devil is in that woman; if there was a bit of mischief going forward in the deserts of Arabia, and she had not a hand in it; 'twould break her heart—but what was she to give you for this precious job?

EOLUS.

Sixpence for my journeymen to drink.

NEPTUNE.

Well, for this time I'll take no further notice, because Juno drew you into a scrape; but if ever I catch you again, I'll set your four noisy blustering scoundrels in the stocks, and send you to the house of correction: this Juno's trimming brim, but, spight of her
revenge-

A COMIC OPERA.

7

revengeful pluck, I'll go and give my cousin Eneas a lift; or she'll pickle him yet.

EOLUS.

That she will, Mr. Neptune, depend upon't.

NEPTUNE.

I know it; the most indefatigable man upon the earth is an ass to a woman for industry, provided that industry is mischief.

SONG.

If women were suffered to get the upper hand,
Rare work would they make both by sea and by
land,

With jangling they'd keep up such constant foul
weather,

They'd soon mix the earth and the ocean together.

With clattering and chattering, such rumbling
they'd make,

The firm solid land they to atoms would shake,

And then, when my waves came to pour a great
flood in,

They'd stir it about, as they stir a plum-pudding.

[Exit Neptune and Eolus.]

*[Neptune hauls the boat ashore, and lands
Eneas and Achates.]*

ACHATES.

This fisherman is one of the honestest fellows I
ever met with. Can you lend me two-pence, general,
to give him to get a pint of purl?

NEP-

NEPTUNE.

Cousin Eneas, to save you the trouble of examining your empty pockets, 'tis proper you should know that I am Neptune himself; nobody else could have help'd you out of the hobble.

ACHATES.

Your humble servant, Mr. Neptune, we ask pardon for not paying proper respect to your godship, and return a thousand thanks for your kindness.

NEPTUNE.

You are both very welcome; and if you come my road as you return, I'll not only procure a week's fair weather, but provide a good dish of sprats for you, because I think Mrs. Juno has bore a little too hard both upon you and your countrymen.

ACHATES.

Hard, say you? why, that woman has more mischief in her little finger's end, than a cart load of devils could produce out of their whole pack.

NEPTUNE.

So she has, Achates.

S O N G.

When an angry women's breast,
With revenge and spite's possest,
She, to satisfy her fury,
Hangs you without judge or jury.

When her rage begins to cool,
And she finds herself a fool,
It must be great comfort for ye,
You are hang'd, and she is sorry.

[Exit Neptune, Eneas and Achates.]

SCENE

A COMIC OPERA.

9

SCENE III.

The Country. Venus and Cupid descend in her chariot.

VENUS.

Now will this poor lad of mine be lost in a strange country, if I don't help him out at a pinch; for although his head is broomstick-proof, yet, heaven help him! he is not overstock'd with brains. But no matter, I'll make Cupid do his business for him;—as for brains, they are the last thing a woman looks for in a man,

S O N G.

Let every god his taste pursue,
Let Mars get cudgel'd black and blue,
Let Juno scold, let Bacchus drink,
Let sage Minerva pore and think,
Let squeaking doctor Catgut sing,
Let Neptune catch his cod and ling,
Let Mercury mind his thieving trade,
Let chaste Diana die a maid;
But all the joys that they can prove,
Must yield to one soft hour of love.

O—here comes my son and his hopeful companion,
and a pickl'd dog it is. But I'll listen a little and hear
what they are about. *[Retires.]*

Enter Achates and Eneas.

ACHATES.

This was a confounded honest fellow this Neptune,
this cozen of yours; I never saw his fish-skin face be-
fore, but he came just in pudding-time, general.

C

ENEAS.

ENEAS.

Faith he did, Achates, for I was at my last prayers.

ACHATES.

And it was high time they shou'd be the last, for you had roar'd out above two bushels of them: I wonder'd how you got them blubber'd out so fast, considering the waves kept such a clattering against your jaws.

ENEAS.

I was frighted, Achates, and when I am frightned I can pray as fast as a horse can trot.

ACHATES.

I try'd to pray a spell, but I splutter'd so that I am sure Jupiter took it for cursing and swearing. [*Venus re-enters disguis'd.*] Hey-day what country have we got into now? There's a figure looks like one of our mother abbesses.

ENEAS.

The lady looks like a sober discreet gentlewoman, so pray speak civilly to her.

ACHATES.

Never fear me, general.

VENUS.

Save ye, gentlemen.

ACHATES.

Tho' your good wishes come a little behind the market, we thank you; but we have just now been sav'd.

VENUS.

By the wetness of your cloaths it appears so.

ACHATES.

You're right.

VENUS.

VENUS.

And by the lankness of your ribs I guess you are pretty hungry.

ACHATES.

Horrible hungry, indeed ! can you help us to any ammunition for the stomach ?

VENUS.

No ; but I can advise you how to get some.

ACHATES.

Just as I thought, charitable in words—Pray which way, dear madam, for my stomach is rather in haste.

VENUS.

Look on that hill's side, there's a flock of sheep, and you, no doubt, have each of you a pudding-knife.

ACHATES.

I never travel without one of the best of penny-whittles in my pocket.

VENUS.

After you have refresh'd your lank bowels, walk straitforward two miles westward, there you'll find the famous city of Carthage, of which the great Dido is queen : Dido is a woman of honour, and will grant protection to strangers ; but lest you shou'd be insulted by the mob, who are a pack of bawling wide-mouth'd rogues, I'll lend each of you a cloak to render you invisible. [*Exit, after putting a cloak upon each.*]

ACHATES.

What a devilish honest soul this pious gentlewoman is—Madam, your humble servant, we give you a thousand

thanks—[*Turns round.*] If this was not your mother Venus, I'll never trust my nose again; don't you smell what a refreshing scent of rose-water she has left behind her.

E N E A S.

You are right, Achates; if it was not she, I'll be gibbeted; O mother, mother, this was a cross trick not to speak to your poor lad.

S O N G:

Why, O mother, wou'd you run,
From so dutiful a son,
And leave your bastard in a pet,
Hungry, thirsty, cold, and wet?
I took my father on my back,
And let him ride a-pigg a-pack;
Pray what harm then cou'd there be,
If you had done the same for me?

A C H A T E S.

Don't stand roaring and blubbering there, man; did not your mother shew us a flock of sheep, and she knew a belly-full of mutton wou'd comfort your bowels much better than riding a-pigg a-pack? Therefore Messrs. Belweathers and company have at you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in Dido's house, enter Dido and Nanny.

N A N N Y.

Yonder's Jarbas come to see you, and has brought you a present of goose-pye. That poor man is always
bringing

bringing something for the palate, and yet he can never get a good look from you ; how it happens I can't think, your constitution is not naturally a cold one.

DIDO.

No more it is, Nanny ; and nobody knows better than myself how much my affairs want a man to manage them, but not such a man as Jarbas.

NANNY.

But for all that I wou'd have you strive to like him, because he is really a good soul.

DIDO.

I don't deny that, Nanny ; but why shou'd not I have a good body join'd with a good soul.

NANNY.

You may joke poor Jarbas as much as you please, but pray, sister, give him a good look for his goose-pye, if you can afford him nothing else.

S O N G,

DIDO.

I often have try'd, my dear sister Nan,
To bring down my stomach, and like that poor man,
But whenever he's with me I sit upon thorns,
And all the next night dream of nothing but horns.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Country, enter Venus.

VENUS.

Now am I oblig'd to watch this poor boy of mine
with

with as much care as if he was just out of his egg-shell, or else this Juno would contrive to knock out his brains.

S O N G.

Oh the care of tender mothers,
Who have rear'd up girls and boys;
Be they lawful babes or bastards,
They produce more plagues than joys,
If they're good the voice of slander
Strives to rob them of due praise;
If they turn out wicked urchins,
They plague your hearts a thousand ways.

Enter Cupid.

V E N U S.

My pretty little unlucky urchin, I have a commission for you, that will delight your mischievous heart; I therefore don't fear your being very diligent about it.

C U P I D.

You know, mamma, that there is not a blackguard boy in all St. Giles's can beat me for mischief. I'll daub a white sattin petticoat with lamp-black and oil, or rub a piece of stinking salt butter over a handsome suit of cloaths, with e'er an unhang'd young scoundrel amongst them.

V E N U S.

But this is a piece of mischief you are to perform as a puppy god, not as a mortal puppy.

C U P I D.

What is it, mamma?

V E N U S.

A COMIC OPERA.

15

VENUS.

I'll introduce you to Dido in the shape of Eneas's son, whilst she is fondling you on her knee, do you take care to stick some of your keenest darts in her bosom.

CUPID.

Never fear me, mamma; let me but get as near as her knee, and if I don't make her as mad as a March hare, if I don't make her jump and kick like a young colt with a fly on his rump, say I am a coach-horse, instead of a Cupid.

RECITATIVE.

When a maid, with dull romances,
Fills her brain with idle fancies,
What can be so mighty stupid,
As to hear her call on Cupid.

SONG.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
Teach, O teach my swain to languish;
Teach the silly youth to be
As great a simpleton as me.

Silly maid, shou'd thy desire
Fill his breast with equal fire,
All thy love would in a trice
Change from scorching flame to ice.

Wouldst thou all thy pains remove,
Fly to wisdom, not to love;
Wisdom will thy peace regain,
Cupid only laughs at pain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

A Court of Justice, Eneas and Achates sitting.

ACHATES.

Now the small-ware causes are finish'd, they say
Dido will be here presently to receive petitions. I like
the chief justice of this same court of conscience much;
I wish his noddle was covered with a bushel of hair,
and a great patch of black silk on the crown.

S O N G.

When a man looks fierce and big,
In a formidable wigg,
From the mighty bush of hair,
Every sentence makes you stare.

Thread-bare rogues, on no pretence,
Ever speak a word of sense;
But if you would make a push,
Look like an owl in an ivy bush.

ENEAS.

Softly, Achates, don't make any more noise, here's
Dido coming.

ACHATES.

There's Antheus and Serjestius with her; honest Nep-
tune has tow'd them ashore as well as us; stand snug
a little, and we can judge by her majesty's behavi-
our to them how we are like to fare.

Enter Dido, Nanny, Antheus, and Serjestius.

ANTHEUS.

Behold, most high and mighty, illustrious, puissant,
magnanimous, magnificent queen, in us two a sample
of

of about forty drown'd rats just landed on your territories; to tell you, most incomparable princefs, how we have been sop'd and fous'd in the briny waves would make your tender heart knock against your liver. Now, great princefs, our first request is to beg a mouthful of bread and cheefe, after that a jug of small beer will be of great use: if our general does not live to come and return your civilities, we'll contrive some way or other to pay you; you shall be no loser, depend on't.

ACHATES.

Who could have thought Antheus had it in him: but mum, Dido's going to speak.

DIDO.

Trojan, well have you spoken, and I wish your general was here with all my heart; as for bread and cheefe and small beer, you are welcome to your skins full; we have almost half a fitch of bacon hung up in the pantry, but I shall save that for fear your general shou'd come and find us quite unprovided; his fame has travell'd hither I assure you: I have a ballad of the Trojan war in my pocket, I'll give you a stave or two out of it.

S O N G.

Come and listen to my ditty,
And it shan't your patience tire,
How the Greeks, the more the pity,
Set the Trojan town on fire.

But such squalling and such bawling
All their wives and bairns did keep,
When they found the fire had burnt them,
Dead as herrings, in their sleep.

[Stops.

D

NANNY.

NANNY.

What's the matter, sister?

DIDO.

I'm lost, Nanny; here's a great hole in the ballad.

ACHATES.

Ods bodikins, Eneas, do you hear, man? Why don't you throw off your cloak, and at her whilst she is warm?

ENEAS.

Madam, behold—is not behold a very proper word, Achates?

ACHATES.

Yes, a rare word; but go on.

ENEAS.

Madam, behold your humble trout Eneas, who has been sneaking in a corner this half hour, admiring your beautiful beauties; and for the handsome things you have said of him, is come to assure you, that what man can do, Eneas will do for you—Hav'n't I made a very good speech, Achates?

ACHATES.

Much better than I expected; but mind, her majesty has screwed up her mouth for an answer.

DIDO.

Eneas, you have spoken like a warrior—Run, Nanny, and cut every one of these Trojans a good slice of bread, but don't trust them with the loaf; as for Eneas, he shall have the quart of pease-porridge that was saved for me yesterday.—Gentlemen, I'll shew you the way to my hut.

[Exeunt Dido and Eneas, Achates and Nanny.]

Manet Achates.

This general of mine, though he has not so many guts in his brains as I could wish, yet some way or other, his mother Venus (I wish I had been a son of a whore too) manages matters so, that he no sooner gets half a sentence blubbered out of his splay mouth to a woman, but she immediately falls to simpering and sucking her lips, as if she would say, Sir, I am as ready as you can be for your ears, whilst poor I—

S O N G.

Whenever I ask a brisk girl for a kiss,
She looks plaguy frumpish, and takes it amiss;
But when this Eneas once offers to bill,
She cocks up her chin, and crys, kiss if you will.

The man has most certainly got a rare knack
Of giving a kiss with an excellent smack;
And no sooner's alone with a wench, but he whips
His arms round her neck, and then smack goes her
lips. [Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A room in Dido's house, enter Eneas, Achates, and Nanny.

NANNY.

HER majesty begs pardon for making you wait, gentlemen, but she burst one of her shoes out at the side with dancing last night—but here she is—

D 2

Please

Enter Dido.

Please your majesty, your guests have already very near cleared the custard.

DIDO.

Let them.

S O N G.

Shall the dame that milks six cows,
Custards to her guests refuse ;
Shall the famous queen Dido,
Let the hungry Trojans go,
With empty stomachs—no, no, no,
No, no, no, they shall not go,
With empty stomachs from Dido. [Scene closes.

S C E N E II.

A Room, enter Juno and Venus.

JUNO.

I am afraid, madam Venus, I came rather unseasonable, perhaps you was going to begin business ; and tho' I have but an odd character in the world, yet I assure you, I don't take so much pleasure in spoiling sport as people think ; only where my husband is concern'd I judge it very proper I should make one.

VENUS.

That's as you and he can agree, ma'am Juno ; but as to spoiling my sport, nobody has a right to do it but my husband.

JUNO.

But I came to speak to you, my dear Venus, about that bye-blow of yours, that long-nos'd fellow Eneas.

VENUS.

VENUS.

What of him?

JUNO.

I find, my dear Venus, he is a confounded fellow among the wenches.

VENUS.

Yes, his father was so before him.

JUNO.

And he has tickl'd Dido's fancy so, that if we don't get them married directly they'll do worse.

VENUS.

Why, you know as well as me there is no getting them tack'd together this evening; the parson wou'd be transported if he marries them out of the canonical hours.

JUNO.

Well then, in the morning, you will promise they shall be tack'd together.

VENUS.

I hope they will to-night for that matter. [*Aside.*] I'll go for a licence myself, madam Juno.

JUNO.

That's my dear Venus, [*Embracing her.*] What a confounded hard task I had to dissemble with this slut; but I have got my end, and now my mind is easy. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Juno.*]*Manet Venus.*

VENUS.

This Mrs. Juno, with her cold constitution, which she mistakes for chastity, thinks us ladies of easy virtue all fools, but I believe I shall convince her to the contrary. What an unconscionable termagant it is! after
having

having demolish'd nine parts in ten of my trusty Trojans, she wants the rest to be galley-slaves to these two handed Tyrian wenches of her,s; but I am now guarded against your tricks, madam Juno.

S O N G.

Juno in the suds wou'd leave me,
When she's got her own jobs done;
But no woman shall deceive me,
That she may depend upon.

Men, indeed, do often nick us,
Canting rogues, that swear and lie;
Nature helps the knaves to trick us,
We believe, we know not why. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Vulcan discover'd at work. Enter Venus.

V E N U S.

My dear little Vulkee, I was coming to ask you to do a small favour for your own loving wife.

V U L C A N.

Ah! you coaxing pug, what is it?

V E N U S.

Only to put a fine steel point to this broomstick, and an iron handle to this potlid, for my poor little boy Eneas.

V U L C A N.

What, for that bastard? shall Vulcan, the god of the sons of fire and smoke call'd blacksmiths, do work for a son of a whore.

V E N U S.

But my dear Vulkee must do this little job of journey-work for me.

A COMIC OPERA.

23

VULCAN.

If I do, I am a red hot poker.

VENUS.

O fy ! my dear Vulkee, don't be so testy.

S O N G.

Come, my dearest Vulkee, come,
Do not look so cross and glum :
You forgot your turtle dove,
Is the beauteous queen of love.

Shall my Vulkee, whom I kiss,
Grudge so small a boon as this,
Grudge to make my hopeful son
Swords, or potlids, or a gun ?

No, it never shall be said,
That, to him that shares my bed,
Beauty, in a humble strain,
Ever pleaded once in vain.

VULCAN.

My dear, dear Venus, I can hold out no longer ?
come with me and I'll give immediate orders for them.

S O N G.

I'll finish this job, if you swear by the Styx,
That you never again will repeat your jade's tricks ;
But if you don't mend, all the parish, I'm sure,
Will say I am an afs to do work for a whore.

VENUS.

Then I'll mend every day, that the parish no more
May call Vulkee an afs, nor his Venée a whore. [Ex.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Eneas and Achates.

ENEAS.

This Dido has to be sure been a very good soul to us, Achates.

ACHATES.

To you she has ; and so has her sister Nanny to me, for that matter. But we can't go on long at this rate ; petticoat-pensioners are looked upon as very pitiful fellows ; it therefore behoves us to provide for ourselves some where or other ; and since you say our grants are made out, we may as well march off before we have eaten these good women out of house and harbour.

ENEAS.

Very true, Achates ; but I would part with Dido in a friendly way.

ACHATES.

Then tell her at once that Mercury came with a message.

ENEAS.

I did, but she won't believe a word on't, because she did not see him, though she might if she looked up, for he stood just so above ten minutes [*imitating Mercury*] upon the top of the little building in the orchard ; but she said nothing should convince her unless he brought a letter from Jupiter.

ACHATES.

A letter ! Oons, didn't you tell her there's not a god amongst them can write his own name ?

ENEAS.

A C O M I C O P E R A.

25

E N E A S.

I did not think of that, Achates; but what must we do now?

A C H A T E S.

Do as every brave man does when a place is too hot for him.

E N E A S.

What is that?

A C H A T E S.

Trust to our heels. So do you put on as honest a face as you can, and I'll get every thing ready to jog off at a moment's warning; there's no time to be lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A chamber.

D I D O.

What can have become of this Eneas? I have hunted every hole and corner, from the cellar up to the garret, and can't find him high nor low. Never was poor woman in such a quandary.

S O N G.

I hardly can tell what to say or to do,
This long-nos'd Eneas has shot me quite thro',
And made such a terrible gap in my heart,
That a man may drive thro' in a narrow-wheel'd cart.
I wish from my soul I'd ne'er seen his red face,
It has brought me to ruin, to shame, and disgrace;
Great luck had it been to poor Dido, I'm clear,
If the devil had fetch'd him before he came here.

E

Enter

Enter Eneas with a wet shirt.

E N E A S.

I could not pack up my shirt last night, because it was in the washing-tub; but I thought I should find it on the hedge.

D I D O.

Your humble servant, general Eneas; where are you going to carry that shirt? Eneas, sure you have no thought of sneaking off.

E N E A S.

O Dido! could I stay I would not go,
But Jove has sent us word it shall be so,
And sent the dreadful angry message by
No less a messenger than Mercury.

D I D O.

A thieving, lying dog, that from his youth
Was never taught to speak a word of truth;
A blackguard, vile, mischievous, thieving imp,
That from a boy has been his father's pimp:
Never believe such rogues, the whelp has done it
For mischief's sake, you may depend upon it.

E N E A S.

I wish, dear Dido, I could think so too,
Then would I stay for ever here with you;
But Jupiter I fear will have it so,
And if it cracks my heart-strings, I must go.

D I D O.

Then you will go?

E N E A S.

I must.

D I D O.

DIDO.

You lie you rogue,
 You fudging, sneaking, paltry, shuffling dog,
 But you shan't carry off my husband's shirt,
 Or if you do, we'll have a scuffle for't.

ENEAS.

You gave it me.

DIDO.

I gave it you to stay,
 But did not give it you to run away.
 Go fetch the rags you brought us, with a pox !
 They're in the garret or the tinder-box.

S O N G.

Go, get you gone, you fudging, sniveling whelp,
 I can get my business done without your help ;
 But yet ere you go, you shall feel my great toe,
 To make you remember the injur'd Dido.

[Kicks him and falls into a chair.]

ENEAS.

This was confounded lucky ; I was heartily scar'd ;
 she wears plaguy sharp points to her shoe-toes : but I'll
 e'en troop off while she's giving her tongue a holiday.

S O N G.

Old soldiers like me who in dangers have been,
 Chuse to sleep if they can with whole bones in their
 skin ;

And know by experience a prudent retreat
 Has often prevented a total defeat.

E 2

I think

I think it best to move off whilst she is quiet;
 If I stay till she wakes, she'll soon kick up a riot;
 And therefore no longer in danger I'll keep,
 But steal a day's march whilst the foe is asleep.

[Exit.

Enter Nanny,

NANNY.

Heyday, what is the matter! sure this sheep-biting cur
 han't been ravishing her majesty—But she recovers—
 dear sister what has been the matter?

DIDO.

Matter, Nanny! I was in such a passion with that
 pitiful hound, that, as I was going to kick him, my
 head turned round, and I fell into a trance, and the
 rogue took that opportunity to——

NANNY.

To what! mercy on us! not to be rude, I hope?

DIDO.

No, no, worse than that, Nanny; for he took that
 opportunity to run away.

NANNY.

That is the greatest rudeness a man can be guilty
 of.

DIDO.

Had I guess'd the rascal's intention, he should not
 have march'd so easily off.—I would have got law-
 yer Fang to capias the rogue. But now, Nanny, I
 have nothing for it, but to tuck myself up.

NANNY.

Patience forbid! why, what better man was he than
 my

my Achates? and yet I should not hang myself for a dozen such.

DIDO.

Oh! Nanny, thou art happy, but such a man as Eneas is not to be found; so I have nothing to do but to kick up my heels and die.

NANNY.

Die! that will be a kicking up with a vengeance! I should rather live and take my revenge, by kicking the whole sex; take honest Jarbas for your husband, he is one of those harmless quiet animals, that will take a kicking very patiently.

DIDO.

Oh! Nanny, talk no more about the sheep-biting curs, for I begin to grow as sick as a dog.

NANNY.

Then go and lay down a little—Here Dolly, lead your mistress in, [*Enter maid, Exit Dido.*] tho' I did seem to carry it off swimmingly to comfort poor Dido, yet I can't help owning I feel queerish.

Enter Jarbas, with a basket on his arm.

NANNY.

O! Jarbas, I am heartily glad to see you.

JARBAS.

I thank you kindly, Mrs. Nanny.

NANNY.

What have you got in your basket, Jarbas?

JARBAS.

Sausages; we kill'd a pig last week, and I heard
the

the Trojans had eaten you out of house and home ;
so I brought this basket top-full.

NANNY.

You are a good soul, Jarbas ; I always said so, and I
have stood up for you many a time tooth and nail again ;
but now what do you think I have done for you ?

JARBAS.

Pray what, Mrs. Nanny ?

NANNY.

I have contrived to fend away these raggamuffin
Trojans, with a flea in their ears, and all upon your
account ; for that Eneas stood plaguily in the way be-
tween you and Dido.

JARBAS.

Ay, that dog was often in the gap, Mrs. Nanny.

NANNY.

But now he is gone, and tho' something still sticks,
or rather has stuck, about Dido's heart, that makes her
a little queerish ; yet, I think, this will be no bad
time for you to comfort her.

JARBAS.

Can I, think you, comfort her ?

NANNY.

You and your sausages together may, so take up
your basket and come along ; pluck up your heart,
man.

JARBAS.

Yes, Mrs. Nanny, I will pluck up a heart.

NANNY.

Is that the way of plucking up your heart ?

JARBAS.

A COMIC OPERA. 31

JARBAS.

Yes, Mrs. Nanny.

SONG.

JARBAS.

My heart was just like a sad dumplin.

My heart, &c. &c.

But you, Mrs. Nan, have rais'd it a span,

And made it as light as a crumplin.

NANNY.

A lover must swear, lie, and flatter.

A lover, &c. &c.

So pluck up your heart, and play a bold part,

And then you may chance to come at her.

JARBAS.

Then, since you say so, let me tell ye,

Then since, &c. &c.

You shall find at a pinch, I never will finch,

For I've got a good heart in my belly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber, enter Dido sola.

DIDO.

What shall I do? This whelp of a Trojan has fairly given me the slip. Now wou'd I go barefoot to Johnny Grott's house and back again to be reveng'd on him; and yet there is no contrivance but one to be even with him, and that is to hang myself, and send my ghost after him; a lucky thought! by all that's spiteful I'll do't. I think my garters are strong enough, and there seems to be a good strong hook in that pannel. [Takes off her garters,

garters, and fixes them round her neck.] Now you sneaking mutton-monger have at you. *[Runs off.]*

Enter Nanny and Jarbas.

NANNY.

Now, Jarbas, mind and speak boldly to her, don't abate her an inch, but shew her what a man you are; there she is. Sister, hah! what's come to her? Sure that is not she hanging against the wall, like a panteen in toy-shop window.

JARBAS.

But it is she, Mrs. Nanny.

NANNY.

Then out with your knife, man, help Cicily, Dolly. A knife, a knife, a kingdom for a knife! *[Enter two maids, and Iris with a great pair of sheers.]*

IRIS.

I'll snip her down for you, never fear Mrs. Nanny, do you, Jarbas, catch her.

JARBAS.

I'll take care of her. *[All run out and lead her on the stage.]*

DIDO.

What, my love, are you there?

NANNY.

[Aside.] This is lucky, she takes him for Eneas, or she'd be hang'd over again before she wou'd afford him such honey words.—Yes, my dear sister, your love is return'd, not that sheep-stealing run-away rogue Eneas, but honest trusty Jarbas, your old lover, who has not

not only brought you a taste of his swine's flesh, but will give you every thing else he has in the world.

JARBAS.

Yes, Mrs. Dido, that I will indeed.

DIDO.

Say you so, Jarbas, then I can hold out no longer : here take my hand.

NANNY.

Now, honest Jarbas, I wish you joy in good earnest ; but see, both Juno and Venus have condescended to come and wish you joy, Jarbas ; you must now take great care to pay proper respect to a wife that keeps such high company.

JARBAS.

To be sure, Mrs. Nanny, high company's good company, is it not?

NANNY.

I can't say much for that,

Enter Juno, Venus, and Cupid.

JUNO.

Because you are a favourite, my dear Dido, I have prevail'd with Venus to come with me to congratulate you ; so joy to you both.

SONG.

CUPID.

Ye batchelors all, who wou'd lead happy lives,
I'll tell you the method of gaining good wives ;

F

You

You must boldly attack 'em, and throw off all fears,
But take special care that you prick up your ears.

And when you have gain'd a most excellent wife,
Remember, the market's to last for your life;

So don't, in a fortnight, grow tir'd of your dears,
But keep up your spirits, and prick up your ears.

So don't, &c.

MAN Y.

Now, honest Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;
I will you joy in good company;

JAKES.

To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;
To be sure, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;

FINIS.

THE END.

I can't say much for that.

Now, Jakes, I will you joy in good company;

JUNO.

Because you are a favourite, my dear Dick, I have
prevail'd with Venus to come with me to congratulate
you: so joy to you both.

SONG.

QUINT.

Ye bachelors all, who would love happy lives,
I'll tell you the method of gaining good wives;

You